Barnes, B.

A DIVINE CENTVRIE OF Spirituall Sonnets.

Altera Musa venit, quid ni sit & alter Apollo.

LONDON
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1595.

Barnes, B.

TO THE RIGHT REVERENDE FATHER IN GOD,

the Right honourable and my very good *Lorde*, TOBIE (*by the grace of* God) Biſhop and Counte Palatine of Dureſme and Sadberge: *Increaſe of all true zeale, honour & perpetuall* conſolation of mind and bodye.

RIGHT *gracious, and my very good Lorde (if in any meaſure I coulde haue better deuiſed, conſonant with the weakneſſe of my ſlender faculties how for ſo many your honourable great fauours to mee worthleſſe, neyther of any the leaſt deſerueable: publiquely to divulge, and promulgate the reuerende gratuitye which I ſtill by numberleſſe reſpects of duetie, pretend and beare to your worthineſſe) it ſhould haue beene euen in the mightieſt power of my wittes, and vertuouſeſt indeuors more (though not better) manifeſted. But ſince it both proceedeth from a francke ſpirite, & the chiefeſt treaſures of my better parte: I beſeech your good Lordſhip (not onely as in tollerating this boldeneſſe braunching from the firme confidence of my meere loue and duetie, but that alſo in gracious admittance of your honourable Patronage) you would dignifie theſe ſpirituall Poemes: which this laſt yeere in my late litle trauails had through ſome partes of* Fraunce *(as tribute of that meaſure of witte and inuention, which it hath pleaſed almighty God of his ſuperabundant grace, and mercie to endue my feeble ſpirite withall) I daily*

to his honour and ſeruice by preſcribed taske, deuoted. And albeit it nothing neere (by millions of ſacred degrees) attayneth to the glorie of this diuine ſubiect, and argument: yet was it written (I call his ſacred Maieſtie to record, that I neyther for vayne glorie nor my iuſtification ſpeake it) in liuely touche, motion, and feeling-anguiſhe of ſpirite, voyde of all colourable varniſhe, and hypocriſie: and therefore more fitte for their ſpirituall conſolatiō to bee peruſed of diuerſe, whome numerous Orations moue much more then proaſe: and to that ende theſe (at motion of ſome others my wel-deſeruing friendes) I haue committed to the publique tipographicall Theatre of generall cenſure, which if they ſhall his omnipotencie (in whoſe honour by mee moſt vnworthie vaſſall of ſinne and mortallitie they were compoſed) pleaſe, then am I moſt pleaſed, fortunate, and comforted for euer. And then I doubt not but they ſhall alſo highly ſtande with your Lordſhippes good liking and contentment: to whome if in fauour theſe ſhall in this worlde paſſe, I much leſſe depende of other mens opinions: referring them alone (next vnder God) to your honours vertuous protection, and the protection of your honour to the great Protectour, and diſpoſer of all honours and bleſſinges. With which I beſeech his mightineſſe indue your good Lordſhip, and yours to his beſt pleaſure and your deere ſoules comforte. From London this 30. of Auguſt. 1595.

Your Honours in all ſpirituall deuotion aſſured.

Bar. Barnes.

Barnes, B.

To the fauourable and Chriſtian Reader.

I Haue publiſhed (curteous Reader) an hundreth Quatorzaines in honour of the greateſt diſpoſer of all great honours; wherin, if through ſecret, and inſeperable combat betwixt earth and my ſpirite, the priuie motions, and ſting of diuers wounds, as they did ſucceede and grieue my ſoule, manifeſted appeare: Let them (though not in theſe, that ſingular vertue to contricion, may mouingly perſwade and ſtirre vp your Spirite to Diuine contemplation of your Ghoſtly comfort) remaine yet as remembrancers to kindle more gracious and rich ſpirits of zeale and pure holineſſe in your more Copious and Facile prepared wittes & natures: Which only as they be in reſpect of all other creatures reaſonable, and moſt Diuine; ſo ought they to bee (likewiſe) in all reaſon imployed to the propagation, honour and mightineſſe of his Diuinitie; whoſe vertue abundantly moueth vpon all vnworthie creatures of his handes: but vpon vs (the models of his ſimilitude, & liknes) in that large meſure, which as it is ineffable, ſo doth it by nature enioyne vs to glorifie the ſingular operations, of his omnipotent handes.

The glorious ſubiect, as it is matchleſſe, and incomparable for Tytles and Mightineſſe, ſo woulde it (in ſome richer & more copious Inuentions) rayſe the tryumphant charyot of your ſacred Muſes, aboue the ſtarre-bearing

firmament,& vpō the ſpirituall Pegaſus of celeſtiall poeſie in diuine harmonic of ſpirite beare the writer to that maieſticall Throane, and Hemicycle of incomparable ſtate and comfortable dignitie where he ſhould (with conſent and aſſiſtaunce of Angelles and heauenly Spirites, to the muſicall ſtringes of royall crowned Harper's) for euer ſing ALLELVYA, Saluation, Honor, Glory, Renowne and Eternitie bee aſcribed alwayes to the greateſt God of gods, King of kinges, Lorde of lordes, onely victorious, tryumphant, mereifull and gracious: And if any man feele in himſelfe (by the ſecret fire of immortall Entheuſiaſme the learned motions of ſtrange and diuine paſſions of ſpirite, let him refine and illuminate his numerous Muſes with the moſt ſacred ſplendour of the holy Ghoſt, & then he ſhall (with diuine Saluſt the true learned frenche Poet) finde that as humane furie maketh a man leſſe then a man, and the very ſame with wilde vnreaſonable beaſtes: ſo diuine rage and ſacred inſtinct of a man maketh more then man, and leadeth him (from his baſe terreſtriall eſtate) to walke aboue the ſtarres with Angelles immortally.

The ſeuerall paſſions of comforte & ghoſtly combates, albeit they ſtand in my booke confuſed, & peraduenture therefore may to ſome readers ſeeme diſordered and ſtraunge, as in their vnequall coherence of praiſes, penitence and feareſull afflictions, yet vpon ſome eſpeciall occaſions and in earneſt true motions of the ſpirite were they deuiſed: and I therefore in this reſpecte implore your generall fauours. Reade I beſeeche you, and with ſingleneſſe of zeale and true ſpirit giue cenſure according to my good will and indeuours. Farewell.

Bar. Barnes.

Barnes, B.

INVOCATION

To the Diuine Father of *ſacred Muſes.*

SONNET. I.

NO more lewde laies of Lighter loues I ſing,
Nor teach my luſtfull Muſe abus'de to flie,
With Sparrowes plumes and for compaſsion crie,
To mortall beauties which no ſuccour bring.
But my Muſe fethered with an Angels wing,
Diuinely mounts aloft vnto the skie.
Where her loues ſubiects with my hopes doe lie:
For Cupids darts prefigurate hell's ſting.
His quenchleſſe Torch foreſhowes hell's quenchles fire,
Kindling mens wits with luſtfull laies of ſinne:
Thy wounds my Cure deare Sauiour I deſire
To pearce my thoughts thy fierie Cherubinne,
(By kindling my deſires) true zeale t'infuſe,
Thy loue my theame and holy Ghoſt my Muſe.

Sweete

SONNET. II.

SWeete Sauiour from whose fiuefold bleeding wound,
That comfortable Antidote distilde:
Which that rancke poyson hath expeld and kild,
In our old wretched father Adam found.
In Paradise when he desertlesse crown'd,
Receau'd it as th'enuenomde Serpent willde,
In steede of lustfull eyes with arrowes fillde:
Of sinfull loues which from their beames abound.
Let those sweete blessed wounds with streames of grace,
Aboundantly sollicite my poore spirite:
Rauish'de with loue of thee that didst debase
Thy selfe on earth that I might heauen inherite,
O blessed sweete wounds fountaines of electre,
My wounded soules balme, and saluations nectre.

SONNET. III.

SAcred redeemer, let my praiers pearce
Thine eares to contrite sinners open still
At my harts altar made, where (to fulfill
My vowes) I sacrifice in humble verse.
Which doe with troubled penitence rehearse
My ceaselesse sinnes repugnant to thy will:
Let mercie mittigate the large blacke bill
Of my dead sinnes: Deare iudge the doome reuerse
Which with foule guilt agrieu'de my conscience gaue,
By iustice iustly damn'd to quenchlesse fire:
Oh my deare Sauiour crucifi'd, mee saue!
Let my contricions incense vp aspire
(With true zeale kindled on my Altar hart)
And of thy sweete saluation purchase part.

Deare

Barnes, B.

SONNET. IIII.

Deare comforter (with whose deare precious blood,
The costly ransome of my sinnes was paide,
For my redemption murthered and betraide,
Sole spotlesse Lambe before the throane which stoode
Opening the seuen sealde Booke: who for pure foode
Thy precious selfe in sacrifice had'st laide
To my soules sustenance: which had decaide
If thou hadst not beene lifted on the roode)
O let my soule (thy Temple) be perfum'de
With sacred incense of thy vertuous grace:
Which hauing with repentant sighes presum'de
(Though charg'de with sinne) to kneele before thy face,
Yet for like Almes (in mercy) doth implore,
Though last in worke, with those which wrought before.

SONNET. V.

BLessed creatour let thine onely sonne
(Sweete blossome stocke and roote of Dauids line
The cleare bright morning starre) giue light and shine
On my poore spirit, which hath new begunne
With his loues praise and with vaine loues hath donne:
to my poore Muse let him his eares incline,
Thirsting to tast of that celestiall wine
Whose purple streame hath our saluation wonne.
O gracious bridegroome, and thrice louely bride
Which come and fill who will for euer crie,
Water of life to no man is deny'de:
Fill still who will if any man be drye.
O heauenly voice! I thirst, I thirst and come
For life, with other sinners to get some.

SONNET. VI.

PVre ſacrifice, once offred for vs all,
Euen all which were defilde with deadly ſinne:
Let me poore deadly ſinner, who beginne
With voice and hart repentant thee to call,
And cry that finde my ſelfe about to fall
Into that quenchleſſe lake, repleate within
With howling fiends which euer gnaſh and grin,
Haue Audience from thy throane celeſtiall.
Deere ſpotleſſe ſacrifice (which didſt diſcend
And as a man for mankindes ſafetie dy'de,
And ranſackt Hels foule dungeon without end:
Enlarging ſinners which therein were ty'de)
Since thou didſt die that ſinners ſau'de might bee,
I am a wicked ſinner (Lord) ſaue mee.

SONNET. VII.

WHite ſpotleſſe Lambe (whoſe precious ſweete bloudſhed
The whole worlds ſinnefull Debt hath ſatisfied:
For ſinners ſcorn'd, whipp'de, wounded, crucified,
Beholde my ſinfull ſoule by Sathan led
Euen to the gates of Hell: where will be red
My conſciences blacke booke: vnleſſe ſuppli'de
Be (to thoſe leaues paſt number) thy wounds wide:
Whoſe purple iſſue which for ſinners bled,
Shall waſh the Regiſter of my foule ſin,
And thence blot out the vile memoriall:
Then let thy bleſſed Angell enter in
My temple purg'd, and that hiſtoriall
(Of my ſinnes numberleſſe) in deepe Seas caſt:
So ſhall I be new borne, and ſau'd at laſt.

Barnes, B.

SONNET. VIII.

LYon of Iudah (which doſt iudge and fight
With endleſſe iuſtice, whoſe annointed head
Was once with wounding thornes inuironed,
But now with ſacred Crownes by glorious right:
Whoſe glorious hoaſt ſucceedes in armour white,
Before whoſe face ſo many millions fled,
And whoſe Imperiall name, no man could read)
Illuminate my thoughts, with the beames bright
Of that white powrefull and celeſtiall Doue:
Kindle my ſpirit with that ſacred heate,
Which me may rauiſh with an heauenly Loue:
Whil'ſt I thy ceaſeleſſe graces doe repeate,
Downe powrde in full aboundance to mankind,
Which comfort in my ſoule (poore wretch) I find.

SONNET. IX.

O Gracious ſhepheard (for thy ſimple flocke
By guilefull Goates to rauening Wolues miſled,)
Who thine owne deare harts precious bloud didſt ſhed,
And Lambelike offered to the butchers blocke;
O gracious ſhepheard (vnremouing rocke
Of ſuccour to ſuch all as thither fled)
Reſpect one of thy flocke which followed
Theſe curſed Goates, and doth repentant knocke.
To be with mercy taken to thy folde,
I know thy grace doth ſtill for wanderers looke,
I was a loſt ſheepe once (deare Lord) beholde,
And in compaſsion take me with thy hooke:
In one loſt ſheepe new found thou doſt reioyce,
Then know thy ſheepe, which knowes his ſhepheards voice.

SONNET. X.

HEauenly Meſsias (ſweete annointed King,
Whoſe glorie round about the world doth reach,
Which euerie beaſt, plant, rocke, and riuer teach,
And aerie birds like Angels euer ſing,
And euery gale of winde in guſtes doth bring,
And euery man with reaſon euer preach)
Behold, behold that lamentable breach:
Which (my diſtreſſed conſcience to ſting)
Falſe ſpiteſull Sathan in my ſoule doth make:
Oh (ſweete Meſſias) lend ſome gracious oyle
To cure that wound, euen for thy mercies ſake:
Leaſt (by that breach) thy temple he diſpoyle.
Helpe, helpe, my conſcience thether him doth leade,
And hee will come, if thou bruſe not his head.

SONNET. XI.

MErciſull Ieſus thine eyeliddes of grace
Decline vnto a wicked ſory ſinner
Humbly proſtrate, who (but a new beginner)
Begges that thine holy Ghoſt might Sathan chaſe
From his foule ſoule, ordaind for thy pallace:
as it did Mary Mag'daline ſaue, and winne her
From ſeuen foule ſpirits which did reigne within her:
But now behold a more contagious place,
A place where the ſeuen mortall ſinnes roote take,
From whence beſide all ougly crimes braunch out,
With each of theſe ſeuen legions doe pertake
Of vncleane ſpirits raging round about:
Oh now deare Ieſus, Ieſus ſhew thy power,
And driue them forth, leaſt they my ſoule deuoure.

Bountifull

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SONNET. XII.

BOuntifull Lord Christ (whose hand liberall
Is still outstretched for mans sustenance
Which wee much thankelesse with small souenance
recount, when in such larges it doth fall:
But that which all men in especiall
Ought to maintaine in high rememberance,
(Naylde feete and hands, and hart pearc'de with a Launce
For our redemption from the sinfull thrall)
With feruent zeale, true Loue, feare reuerent,
Is quite forgot of most: and yet these bee
The chiefe deare signes for our saluation sent:
Oh blessed Chist, bestow thy grace on mee
Bestow this blessed grace (deare Christ) that I
May hope new life by thy death, when I die.

SONNET. XIII.

DEare Dauids sonne (whom thy forefathers haue
In Psalmes and prophecies vnborne foretolde,
That hell in Adamantine chaines should holde,
And thence poore sinners both inlarge and saue
Whom former blindnes to damnation gaue)
Mee swallowed in the gulfe of sinne behold:
A Lambe amongst wilde wolues (once of thy fold)
Whom Sathan now doth for his porcion craue:
Deare sonne of Dauid helpe, yet helpe with speede.
Thy wounds bleede fresh in my remembrance yet,
Which blessed wounds did for offenders bleede:
These wounds I will not in distresse forget,
For all cheefe hope of my saluation, grounds
In Nectre of those comfortable wounds.

SONNET. XIIII.

O Benigne Father let my ſutes aſcend,
And pleaſe thy gracious eares from my ſoule ſent;
Euen as thoſe ſweete perfumes of incenſe went
From our foreſathers altars: who didſt lend
Thy noſthrils to that mirrh which they did ſend,
Euen as I now craue thine eares to be lent.
My ſoule, my ſoule, is wholy, wholy bent
To doe thee condigne ſeruice, and amend,
To flie for refuge to thy wounded breſt;
To ſucke the balme of my ſaluation thence,
In ſweete repoſe to take eternall reſt,
As thy childe folded in thine armes defence:
But then my fleſh me thought (by Sathan fir'de)
Said my proud ſinfull ſoule in vaine aſpirde.

SONNET. XV.

PIttifull Lord (whoſe endles mercy reacheth
From Eaſt to Weſt and the worlds compaſſe filleth,
Whoſe charge imperious (as thy ſpirit willeth)
Things ſenceleſſe as in life obedience teacheth:
Whoſe bright omnipotence the Dumbe borne preacheth:
Whoſe grace in full aboundance downe diſtilleth
To contrite ſinners, which olde Sathan killeth,
And wounded ſpirits heales, whome ſinne appeacheth)
With thoſe bright eyes of mercy me reſpect,
From my ſoule (made thy temple) Sathan driue,
That my pure ſpirit may thy praiſe detect,
And from death by thy liuely grace reuiue:
That (ſinne and Hell ſuppreſs'd) I might appeare
After deaths conqueſt, by thy mercies cleare.

Sure

Barnes, B.

SONNET. XVI.

SVre corner ſtone of that rocke firme and hie,
(Where of eternall life the fountaine ſprings,
Whoſe vertue to the ſoule ſuch comfort brings
That he which taſteth neuer ſhall be drie,
Nor euer ſlaue of death againe ſhall die)
Oh let thy bleſſed Angell carrie wings
And arme my ſoule: which loathing earthly things
For liuely water to that rocke would flie:
There neuer dare approch my Ghoſtly foe,
Which would from number of thy Saints exempt
My ſilly ſoule: ſweete Chriſt let him forgoe
That deare ſoules purchaſe: which he doth attempt.
Remember (my deare Lord) thou dy'd to ſaue it
Then neuer ſhall the roaring Lyon haue it.

SONNET. XVII.

MYlde King of Salem Lord of louely peace,
(Who do'ſt in brotherlike agreement ioy,
In mercy mourning when thou do'ſt deſtroy,
Where iuſtice condigne anger doth encreaſe)
Behold a wretch, whoſe ſinnes doe neuer ceaſe
With haynous guilt his conſcience to annoy:
Who by that meanes cannot calme reſt enioy
Behold deare Chriſt, and for my free releaſe
(Vpon contrition) thoſe offences blot
Out of thoſe large inditements, which be giu'n
By my iuſt conſcience: let them be forgot.
Forget, forgiue (deare Lord) for I am driu'n
(By their remembrance) almoſt to diſpaire:
Which my ſoules ruine ready would prepare.

Hie

SONNET. XVIII.

HYe prieſt of Syon (whoſe eternall throne
With endleſſe right, and mercy ſeated is:
Which all knees (when his name repeated is)
Adore: whoſe rule hath times ſwift wings outgone,
Whoſe Scepter is an euerlaſting one,
Whoſe Monarchie neuer compleated is)
This humble Alter ſee, which heated is
With feruent zeale I beare to thee alone:
Which from the Syon of my ſoule aſpireth,
Euen from this zealous hart vnto the chayre
Of euerlaſting power, where it deſireth
(Through pleaſing incenſe) for me to prepayre
A glorious Crowne, which neuer will take ruſt:
Which graunt (Deare Sauiour) in whoſe helpe I truſt.

SONNET. XIX.

LOuely Samaritane, draw neere, and view
The mangled obiect of a wretched ſoule,
Afflicted deadly with a conſcience foule:
The iuſt ſting of ſuch ſinnes as my ſoule ſlew,
Whoſe faults be numberleſſe though yeeres bee few.
Oh note them not ſweete Lord in thy blacke ſcroule
Which may my deare ſaluations hope controle,
When breath and body ſhall be changed new:
But theſe foule deſperate wounds (deare Chriſt) vp bind,
Cheriſhd with oyle of mercies and ſweete grace:
And let thy Goſpell miniſter each kind
Of heau'nly foode, and bee thy Church the place
Where I may mee repoſe to purchaſe cure,
That (when thou com'ſt) I may be ſound and pure.

Great

Barnes. B.

SONNET. XX.

GReat God of Abraham (whoſe eternall power
Shaketh the worlds vnſure foundations,
Whoſe frowne affrights all Kings and nations,
whoſe anger doth like flames of fire deuour,
Whoſe triumph comming is in vnknowne hower,
Whoſe praiſe exceedes all mortall mens Orations,
Whoſe time of grace (for ſinners preparations)
Thou do'ſt inlarge, to yeeld vs more ſuccour)
Like Father chaſtice mee with tender twigges,
Not like an angrie Iudge with yren Rodde,
Leaſt Sathan purchaſe conqueſt by diſpaire.
That (when heauen ſhall ſhake downe her Starres like Figges)
Thou (both as equall iudge, and gentle God)
For mee the Crowne of glorie may prepare.

SONNET. XXI.

SOle hope and bleſsing of olde Iſraels line
(Which gaue by promiſe to his bleſſed ſeede
A land that ſhould all bleſsings plentie breede,
Riuers of pleaſant Honnie, Milke, and wine,
Whoſe offſpring numberleſſe thou calledſt thine,
Whome with thine Angels Manna thou didſt feede
Being before from Pharoes bondage freede,
When Moyſes firſt thy ſtatutes did reſigne)
Behold deare God, one in theſe daies of grace:
Since by thy precious bloud thou freede mankinde,
By promiſe which a portion and a place
Amongſt thy children hopeth for to finde
In Goſpels comfort, through thy bloudes deare priſe,
Oh let him purchaſe ſuch a Paradiſe!

SONNET. XXII.

FOuntaine of life, and endleſſe happineſſe,
O quench theſe worldly ſparkes of Sathans fier,
Enkindled in my fancies and deſier:
Rocke of ſaluation and all bleſſedneſſe
Defend mee charg'de with ſinful wickedneſſe;
Spirite of comfort let thy breath inſpire
My ſoule infected, ready to retire,
And carnall mocions ſtriuing to repreſſe.
I thirſt (cleare fountaine) for the ſtreame of life,
I fall farre ſet from my ſaluations rocke,
And Sathan with my Spirite is at ſtrife,
Vrging that I am ſeuer'd from thy flocke:
Yet my deare Sauiour, ſtrong rocke, and ſweete ſpirite,
Through mercy, my poore ſoule ſhall heauen inherite.

SONNET. XXIII.

FAther of Pietie by this wee know
The glories greater of thy gracious loue
Then of deſires which carnal fanciës moue:
For if wee praiſe a mortall ſhape below
By flattery their Diuinities wee ſhow,
Comparing them their perfectneſſe aboue:
Their checkes to Roſes, their neckes white to Doue,
Their eyes to ſtarres from whence all fortunes flow:
Their eyes effects to the Meridian Sunne,
Their modeſt thoughts to the colde Virgine moone.
Oh fooles, fooles ignorant, when this is donne,
Wee know wee flatter them, then Muſes ſoone
Why turne you not your numbers muſicall
To God aboue mans praiſe which ruleth all?

Pure

Barnes. B.

SONNET. XXIIII.

PVre spotlesse offspring of vngratefull Iurie
(At morning, mid-day, and at quiet night)
I neither will forget thy praise, nor might:
When men vngratefull shall prouoke thy furie
I shall bee safe, if that deare grace procure I
And finde sweete comfort of eternall light,
Mongst Cherubes, Seraphins, and Angels bright.
But if thy precepts I forget, then sure I
With sinners must expect my portion dew,
Because thy grace celestiall I abus'd.
And in thy face (with vile contorcion) threw
Those sacred blessings stubbornely refus'd:
At length I like an Angell shall appeare
In spotlesse white, an Angels Crowne to weare.

SONNET. XXV.

GLorious Iehouah Oh how full of power,
How full of sacred maruailes bee thy deedes!
Thou that with plenties euery creature feedes,
And blessed bounties which bestowes each hower.
With hand of mercie sending forth a shower
In large aboundance to produce good seedes,
My wounded hart with pearsed conscience bleedes,
When I remember thee my soules succour:
Who was so many times by mee forgot,
Who by mee wicked, vilest, hainous wretch,
Prophaned oft hast beene, but praised not:
At length though late) mine armes, mine hart I stretch,
My soule, my sinfull soule I lift to thee,
Who (with thy praises triumph cleare) would bee.

SONNET. XXVI.

GReat God of larges, bountifull good giuer
Of endleſſe bleſsings (as thou didſt beſtow
On me poore wretch, that reaſon how to know
Thee without all beginning endleſſe liuer)
Powre likewiſe downe thy graces louely Riuer,
And let it (Lord) my poore hart ouerflow:
Theſe like ſweete fire (which Diuine ſpirits blow)
May clearely burne in zeale of thy Loues euer:
That all my thoughts thy Teſtament embrace,
That all my wits thy tearmeleſſe grace ſet out,
That by thee praiſing I may ſhew thy grace
Which in large Talent thou to mee let out:
That after good accompt (paſt terme of ages)
I may receiue a truſtie ſtewards wages.

SONNET. XXVII.

HIgh King of Kings (who with thine awfull cheeke
Controles the ſterne windes, ſinfull land, rough Seas:
Who chides in thunder when wee doe diſpleaſe,
Whome all things feare and tremble at his becke,
Yoking in one the Kings and beggers necke
Without reſpect (in wrath) yet will appeaſe
His wrath, when ſinners penitent ſhall preaſe
His throne (in zeale ſincere) without contecke.
Oh God iuſt, merciſull, and gracious,
Full of all plentie, bleſsing, and kindneſſe,
Whoſe endleſſe rule paſt limit, ſpacious,
Illuminate my ſoule, and baniſh blindneſſe:
Conſider how this ſinfull ſoule (oppreſt
With nature) by thy grace would bee redreſt.

Fortreſſe

Barnes, B.

SONNET. XXVIII.

FOrtresse of hope, Anchour of faithfull zeale,
Rocke of affiance, Bulwarke of sure trust,
(In whome all nations for saluation must
Put certaine confidence of their soules weale)
Those sacred misteries deare Lord reueale
Of that large volume, righteous and iust:
From mee (though blinded with this earthly dust)
Doe not those gracious misteries conceale.
That I by them as from some beamesome Lampe,
May finde the bright and right direction
To my soule blinded, marching to that Campe.
Of sacred soldiours: whose protection
Hee (that victorious on a white horse rideth)
Taketh, and euermore triumphant guideth.

SONNET. XXIX.

RAyons of glorie beames of endlesse ioy,
Cheerish my soule, illuminate my wits:
Rauish my sences with celestial fits,
That mistes infernall doe not them anoy:
All carnall motions weaken and acoy,
Eu'n from that beamesome throne (where glorious sits
The Lord of light whose eye no shade admits)
That filthy Dragon my sonles foe destroy,
Which in foule pit of dreadfull darkenes liues,
Repleat with horrour, and contagious smell:
Whose shadow, noysome mist and blindnes giues,
Rayside from th'infectious damps of vgly Hell.
Rayons of comfort through my Temples pearse,
And consecrate my Muse to sacred verse.

SONNET. XXX.

HIgh mightie God of Gods, and King of Kings
(Whose awful charge through the round world doth runne,
Eu'n from the rising of the glorious Sunne
Vnto the Seas, where hee his Chariot brings)
What instruments, or what harmonious strings
Shall to thy graces, which bee new begunne,
And haue so many soules with comfort wonne,
Giue praises due to such celestiall things
Praise and thankesgiuing to the Lord surrender,
And pay thy duties to thy God most highest,
Least thou before his throane a vile offender
Appeare, when sinne and Hell (to conscience nighest)
Accuse thee wicked sinner, for that grace
Which God bestowde, and thou cast in his face.

SONNET. XXXI.

OGlorious Patrone of eternall blisse,
Victorious conquerour of Hell and death,
Oh that I had whole westerne windes of breath,
My voice and tongue should not bee so remisse:
My notes should not bee so rare and demisse:
But euery riuer, forrest, hill, and heath
Should eccho forth his praise, and vnderneath
The worlds foundations sound that it is his:
Hee which did place the worlds foundations,
Hee which did make the Sunne, the Moone and starres,
Who with his blood redeem'd all nations,
And willing none from Paradise debarres,
Shall not all instruments and voyces sounde
His glories, which in all these things abounde?

Barnes, B.

SONNET. XXXII.

THe well of life, the forte of happineſſe,
Rocke of affiance, Piller of ſure truſt,
Anchor of hope, Treaſure repining ruſt,
Starre of direction, Eaſe of wretchedneſſe,
Great Lord of largeſſe, Iudge of wickedneſſe,
Balme of ſaluation, Ayder of the iuſt,
Fountaine of grace, Quickner of Clay and duſt,
Cure of diſeaſe, Releeuer of diſtreſſe,
Bright Sunne of comfort, Iuſtice of true peace,
The branch of glory, and the Fruite of bliſſe,
Kingdomes diſpoſer, Husband of increaſe,
For penitence who pardons things amiſſe,
And in contrition dayly who delightes:
What man can giue due glorious Epithites?

SONNET. XXXIII.

THrice puiſſant generall of true Chriſtian hoaſt
(Whoſe voyce it ſelfe is dreadfull thundercracke,
Whoſe wrath doth nether fire nor lightning lacke,
Whoſe ſtormie frowne makes tremble euerie coaſt:
Chaſing thy fearefull foes from poſt to poſt,
Whoſe hands force can all the worlds forces ſacke,
Who turnes his foemens colours into blacke,
Whoſe murthering thunderboults for arrowes bee,
Whoſe ſworde victorious, Trenchant, double edg'd,
His holy Scripture is, whoſe foes conuert,
The pointe to their owne breſt, and haue alledg'd
Vaine arguments thy deare Saints to ſubuert)
As thou deare God art iudge, ſo giue thy doome
(In iuſtice) to ſubuert ambitious Rome.

Beholde

SONNET. XXXIIII.

BEhold deare Father (with thoſe gracious eyes
Which all the world with their beames glorie brighten)
My plaints, and then my cauſe in iuſtice righten.
My ſoule repentant ſtill for mercy cries
Prick'd with vaine ſinnes, which in my thoughts ariſe:
Hope of thy mercy doth my ſorrow lighten,
Feares (leaſt more ſinnes enſue) with my ſoule fighten,
And true zeales of thy loue my thoughts ſurpriſe.
But angrie iuſtice ſeemes (with ireſull threate)
To giue blacke ſentence of damnation
vnto my ſoule diſtreſſ'd, and doth repeate
Olde ſinnes, prouoking deſperation:
Oh ſaue mee, ſaue mee (Lord) leaſt that I fall
Into damnation, ſaue Lord when I call.

SONNET. XXXV.

ARiſe thou mightie God of heau'n, riſe vp,
Againſt thy ſinfull foes of Babell riſe:
And ſcatter thou like duſt thine enemies:
Let them dregges of thine indignation ſuppe:
That haue beene drunken with the ſtrumpets cuppe:
Like ſmoke which vaniſheth into the skies
Diſſcuer them, and like the waxe (which fries
Before the fire) ſo melt, and burne them vp.
O magnifie the Lord, and praiſes ſing
Vnto the mightie God of heau'n, who makes
The clouds to thunder, and his boults doth wing
With fire and furie: who the round world ſhakes:
Before whoſe face Kings with their Armies flie,
And at whoſe feete proud Emperours dead lie:

Lord

Barnes, B.

SONNET. XXXVI.

LOrd (with the light of thy cleare countenance)
My ſinfull troubled ſoule illuminate:
And with thy mightie ſhoulders eleuate
My feeble ſpirit, and his ſtate aduaunce:
From thy ſweete breſt (pearc'd ſometimes with a Launce
For my redeemption from accurſed ſtate)
Lend one deare droppe, whoſe force ſhall animate
My ſoule infect with ſinnes miſgouernaunce:
Then purge my ſpirit by thine holy Ghoſt,
And as an Angell let it mildly reſt,
In thy thrice bleſſed boſome wiſhed moſt
By my poore ſoule, with grieuous ſinnes oppreſt:
And let thy bleſſed feete ſuppreſſe all thoſe,
Which to thee, and my ſoule be vowed foes.

SONNET. XXXVII.

O My deare God how ſhall my voice preuaile?
How ſhall my tongue giue vtterance to my mind?
Where ſhall my thankefull hart free paſſage find?
My ſlender voice, tongue feeble, and hart fraile
(Before they can giue condigne praiſe) will fayle:
I cannot celebrate (in their due kinde)
Thy glories numberleſſe, which Angels finde
Eu'n to ſurmount all Angels beſt trauayle.
Oh my deare God, my comfort, my ſollace,
My ſwift ſoule flies (with my Diuine thoughts wings)
Eu'n to thy boſome. Oh let it embrace,
And triumph in my ſweete ſaluations ſprings:
For I beleeue thou wilt not me forſake,
Who for mee didſt thy Sonne a Martyr make.

SONNET. XXXVIII.

GRacious, Diuine, and most omnipotent,
Receiue thy seruants Tallent in good part,
Which hidde it not, but willing did conuert
It to best vse hee could when it was lent:
The summe (though slender, yet not all mispent)
Receiue deare God of grace, from cheerefull hart,
Of him, that knowes, how mercifull thou art,
And with what grace to contrite sinners bent:
I know my fault, I did not as I should,
My sinfull flesh against my soule rebeld,
But since I did endeuour what I could,
Let not my little nothing bee withheld
From thy rich treasuries of endlesse grace;
But (for thy sake) let it procure a place.

SONNET. XXXIX.

INuironed with dangers manifolde,
At home and forren both by land and waue,
(Where change of Nations diuers daungers gaue,
And nouels earst which I did not beholde:
Much like a doubtfull Pilgrim, whome infould
Millions of woes, that knowes no helpe to haue,
Nor how from dangers prest himselfe to saue)
Was I: but when mee thought I perish should,
My God of mercy did my life redeeme,
My God of mercy did my soule sustaine,
Oh then how well shall it my Muse beseeme
To praise the Lord, and him collaude againe?
Nay try (vain Poets) try, that King, that place,
If God, and heauen, giue not your Muse most grace.

My

Barnes, B.

SONNET. XL.

MY daies bee few, my ſinnes paſt number bee,
Adde to my daies (Oh God) more time of grace,
And mercy to my ſinnes: behold my caſe,
With eyes of gracious pittie looke on mee:
My wounded and afflicted conſcience ſee,
My ſoule afraide to ſtand before thy face:
In pittie Lord, (deare Lord) a longer ſpace,
Or elſe in mercy (Father) ſet mee free,
I finde high iuſtice doth my ſoule condemne,
Which Sathan vrgeth ſtill to my diſpaire:
Sathan auoide, thy malice I contemne,
Al thy ſuggeſtions vaine illuſions are.
Of thy temptations this is my conſtruction,
Then periſh in vaine hope of my deſtruction.

SONNET. XLI.

TEmpted in forren nation by that foe,
Which both my ſoule and bodies health enuies,
And vex'd with ſeuerall ſtrange perplexities,
Whoſe cauſe or reaſon I could neuer know,
Or why my mind ſhould mourne afflicted ſo
To thee my God, I turne my ſinfull eyes,
(Whom I prouoke with my remorſe full cries)
Some ſuccour for my vexed thoughts to ſhow.
That (as I haue my natiue Countrie changed)
So likewiſe from the world I may bee weaned:
And as my weede with nation is eſtranged,
I ſo may ſhine in Chriſtian armes vnfeyned:
And as I leaue my nations true language,
My Muſe may change for a diuiner rage.

SONNET. XLII.

OH you light Poets (whoſe Ardure diuine
Inkindl'd with immortall furie was
Ordaind therefore, all other wits to paſſe;
Becauſe thoſe faculties you ſhould incline
To make with praiſe the moſt praiſe-worthie ſhine:
From ſacred numbers, roll'de in iuſt compaſſe,
Sphoerelike in Muſicke) turne your tunes alas
To rauiſh eares with notes of your engine.
By theſe you ſhal the God of Gods collaude,
The King of Kings, and Lord of Lords exalt.
Make not Diuine wit foule affections baude,
It is againſt that holy Ghoſt a fault.
Who therefore with his beames your wits did brighten,
That your wits likewiſe ſhould his glorie lighten.

SONNET. XLIII.

SAthan abroad (when I was left alone
A ſtranger and diſtreſs'de) did mee aſſaile:
Finding my nature hoped to preuaile,
And make ſure entrance where hee could finde none.
A gentle nature ſooneſt ouerthrowne
Hee thought, ſuppoſing (for his more auaile)
The ſting of ſinne ſhould helpe if others faile:
But now behold Gods mercie to mee ſhowne.
Hee gracious, louing, merciſull, and wiſe,
Declar'd expreſſely that I was ordaind
Vnto ſaluation, for that enterpriſe
Of Sathans mou'de my ſoule (before profaind)
To purge it ſelfe, with that repentant grace,
Which mee ſhall ſaue from hell, and him diſplace.

Barnes, B.

SONNET. XLIIII.

O Lord increaſe in mee true faith, and loue:
Faith of ſaluation in thine onely ſonne,
And his loue that hath my ſoules health begunne,
Who from my ſoule (his incenſe) will remoue
That deadly ſting which ſinne did vnder ſhoue.
O Lord increaſe my zeale, and let it runne
Through my ſoules Organes: that thereby bee donne
A pleaſing incenſe to thy throane aboue:
O Lord increaſe in mee that earneſt care
To make amends for thoſe high ſinnes by paſt,
And equall charitie to worke welfare,
Vnto my neighbours bound in fetters faſt:
That by faith, Loue, true zeale, and charitie,
(Through thee) my ſoule may find felicitie.

SONNET. XLV.

O What great comfort is it to giue praiſe
To God the Lord of heauen, Oh what comfort
Is it abroad his praiſes to report,
And of his wondrous workes our notes to raiſe?
To lift our Muſes from baſe earthly laies
To that Dinine angelicall conſort,
Bearing Palme, Oliue, and immortall Baies
With chaunge of harmonies in one conſort:
To glorifie the mightie God of glorie,
To magnifie the mightie God of might,
To triumph in the guide of victorie,
To celebrate the Iuſtice of all right,
To make our refuge where all helpe is found,
To cure our wounded ſoules with his ſole wound.

SONNET. XLVI.

OH Sunne and Moone the daies and Euenings lights,
With powerfull Starres bright ſubiects of the ſame,
Archangels, Angels praiſe his holy name:
The glorious Cherubin which fierie fights
With his proud foes: the Seraphes, holy ſprights,
Who with ſweete himnes record his endleſſe fame,
The dreadfull thunder with his angrie flame,
Which (when hee liſt) all men, and beaſtes affrights:
Raine, Hayle, Snow, tempeſt, clouds, and bitter winde,
Darkneſſe, and light, Earthquakes, and foggie miſt,
With Flies and fethered foules of ſeuerall kinde,
My ſoule and ſpirite in his praiſe aſſiſt:
Who (paſt all humaine wonder) did create
Vs all, that all his praiſe might propagate.

SONNET. XLVII.

OH what celeſtiall Angell will downe ſend
Into theſe eyes ſome dewy cloudes of grace
To waſh the furrowes of my withered face
Defilde with ſinne? what ſpirite will mee lend
Sufficient winde, that my ſighes might aſcend
And (with contrition) pearce to that pallace,
From whence proceedes all ſuccour and ſolace?
What Champion Michaell my ſoule to defend,
Will lend his puiſſant and victorious croſſe,
To conquere that olde Serpent, which aſſayles
My feeble ſoule entombde in earthly droſſe?
Thy precious croſſe, that launce, thoſe pearſing nayles,
If hee ſhall them, or their deare wounds eſpie,
Will bruiſe his head, and yeelde mee victorie.

Barnes, B.

SONNET. XLVIII.

O Glorious conqueſt, and thrice glorious ſpeare,
But ſeu'n times thrice more glorious the name,
By which thrice powerfull wee coniure the ſame:
Which but repeated doth that Dragon feare,
That olde Leuyathan whoſe iawes Lord teare.
Roote out his tongue which doth thy Saints defame,
And thy ſweete Goſpell ſeeke to vaile with ſhame:
This the chiefe conqueſt of all conqueſts weare,
For which Archangels, and all Angels might,
With Cherubins, and Seraphins out bring
Victorious Palmes, arraide in ſincere white:
For which al Saints might Alleluya ſing,
Then glorious Captaine, our chiefe God and man,
Breake thou the Iawes of olde Leuiathan.

SONNET. XLIX.

I Feele my ſoule in combat with the duſt
Of ſinfull fleſh, and ready to breake out
From loathſome bondage, dreadleſſe of all doubt:
I feele my ſoule (by ſhaddowes) ſeuer muſt
From that baſe priſon of terreſtriall ruſt,
Where it ſhall triumph in celeſtiall route
Of my forefathers Angels round about
That glorious throne of the faithfull and iuſt.
But yet my feeble fleſh (ſur charg'de with guilt)
'Trembleth at thought of death, but why ſhould it
Feare coward death, ſince for my ſoule was ſpilt
His bloud, that ſhall for mee in triumph ſit?
Death doe thy worſt, but yet (Lord) thine eare giue,
Why I with Dauid would not die but liue.

SONNET. L.

I Would not die but liue (deare liuing Lord)
And to thy glory ſhew that facultie,
With which thou didſt mee worthleſſe beautifie:
Turning my Muſe to that Diuine concord,
Which I perceiue doth with my ſoule accord
In endleſſe praiſe of thy Diuinitie.
But (if vnworthy them to magnifie,
Becauſe my ſinfull mouth hath not abhorr'de
To bee before with vanities abus'de)
Thou loath my wicked tongue ſhould theeu declare:
Thy will bee donne, which cannot bee refus'de:
For death of ſinne the guerdon doth prepare,
Yet when I die (deare God of Loue and truth)
Remember not the follies of my youth.

SONNET. LI.

BReake thou the iawes of olde Leuiathan,
Victorious conquerour, breake thou the iawes,
Which full of blaſphemie maligne thy lawes:
Ready to curſe, to lie, ſlaunder and banne,
Which nothing but abhomination can:
Who like a ramping Lyon with his pawes
Thy little flocke with daily dread adawes,
Antichriſts Harrould who with pride beganne,
Euen into thy triumphant throane to preaſe,
And therefore his firſt comfort had forgonne:
The bodies ruinor, and ſoules diſeaſe,
Bawde to that harlot of proude Babilon,
Which mortall men to mortall ſinnes inuiteth,
Teare out thoſe Fangues with which hee thy flocke biteth.

Full

Barnes, B.

SONNET. LII.

FVll of celeſtiall ſyrropes, full of ſweete
are all thy preceptes, full of happines,
full of all comforte, full of bleſſednes
thoſe ſalutations which our Sauiour greete:
O let vs then contende (ſince it is meete)
to keepe thoſe lawes with vpright holineſſe,
oh let vs vſe, and haue in readineſſe
thoſe ſweete orations, proſtrate at his feete:
Begging, imploring, weeping, ſmiling, kneeling
for ſuccour, grace, and for our ſinnes humbly
repentance mercies ſignes in our heart feeling:
Repent, and praiſe our God, for it is comely,
O nothing doth a Chriſtian more beſeeme,
Then him to prayſe that did his ſoule redeeme.

SONNET. LIII.

DIdſt thou redeeme my ſoule, my ſole ſaluation?
Oh with what raunſome (Lorde) didſt thou redeeme it?
Eu'n of ſo precious worth did he eſteeme it,
Becauſe at our foreſathers firſt creation,
Hee in his breaſt by ſacred inſpiration,
From his owne mouth (which did ſo well beſeeme it)
Breathed a ſoule diuine, then let vs deeme it
A gracious, precious and deare immolation,
For him to ſaue our ſoules with his bloudſhed,
For him to take mans nature, man to ſaue,
For him to be whip'd, nayl'd, torne, crucify'd,
For him to ſweate in bloud, to lye in graue,
For him (moſt mighty) to lye downe beneath,
Where (for our life) he vanquiſh't hell and death.

SONNET. LIIII.

THen awfull ſting of Paile deathes leaden darte,
Where is thy killing poyſon and thy pile?
Then fearefull horrid Serpent full of guile
(Whoſe vgly kingdome hoped for his parte,
The moſt of all poore ſoules in endleſſe ſmart)
Where is thy dreadfull conqueſt all this while?
Behold how Chriſtian ſoules triumph and ſmile
To ſee thee bonnd, where thou faſt burning art,
To ſee that ſacred and victorious troupe
(Whoſe Captaine Lord of Lords, and King of Kings
Adorn'd with many Crownes, makes all Crownes ſtoupe)
Which in high triumph Alleluya ſings,
Makes Gog and Magog his fell furie finde,
Which ſcattred flie like duſt before the winde.

SONNET. LV.

FRom depth of fearefull Hels eternall ſhade,
And bottomleſſe diſcent into that lake,
In heate, and cold where ſinners burne and quake:
Where all things vnconſum'de for euer fade,
At whoſe remembrance ſinners are diſmaide
For horrour of thoſe dreadfull pangues which ſhake,
And for ſweete ſuccour interceſsion make,
Of their ſinnes burthen, and hell fire affraide:
Eu'n from the fearefull bottomleſſe blacke pit,
(At whoſe remembrance my poore ſoule doth tremble)
Saue and deliuer mee, whereas I ſit
Inuiron'd with diſpaire, which doth reſemble
An Iland (with rough ſeas incloſed round)
At euery guſt, in danger to bee dround.

Barnes, B.

SONNET. LVI.

O That I might with the wiſe Prophet ſing,
Mine heart is ready, ready to giue praiſe!
But mine is not, though willing moſt alwaies
To celebrate the glorious heau'nly King
Poore hart, not worthie to that Angels wing
(Which with his glorie through the world doth paiſe
In heau'nly numbers temp'red with ſweete phraſe)
The leaſt ſoft downe of Plumage for to bring.
Then milde, then ſpotleſſe, comfortable Doue,
Whoſe winges were ſinne of ſinnes to violate,
Pure Bird of heau'nly ſollace, peace and Loue,
With Rayons bright my ſoule illuminate,
From that falſe luſtfull Pygeon late returnde,
Which almoſt had both ſoule and body burnde.

SONNET. LVII.

THrough Sathans malice and my nature weake,
When in my ſoule I finde my faith is deade,
Thoſe ſacred ſchoedes of comfort, then I reade
Whoſe powrefull words the gates of hell can breake:
Then faith in kindleth freſh, and then I wreake
My wrath on Sathan, and vpon his head
Mee thinkes (like Michaell or Saint George) I treade:
Whilſt hee that earſt againſt the Sunne did beake
His foreſwolne poyſnous bulke, doth vanquiſhd lie
In his owne filth: and I (which lately was
Like to bee ſwallowd by mine enemie)
Now ſafely like a conquerour may paſſe.
Behold my Captaines puiſſance, who did this
To ridde my ſoule from hell, and ranſome his.

SONNET. LVIII.

COmfort thy ſelfe (poore ſoule) whom griefe of ſinne
Downe preſſeth to the mouth of the loweſt hell,
With contrite penitence thou knoweſt well
Him that will rayſe and it from danger bring:
Pray then, and praiſe the Lord, who will beginne
To purge thy ſoule, and Sathans filth expell
Who thee defileth and in thee doth dwell.
Oh Lord my voice ſhall praiſe and neuer linne
So long as thou ſhalt lend breath to my voice,
My voice vnto my ſoule ſhall ſpirit lend,
And in the comfort of my ſoule reioyce,
And (with my mouth) conſent world without end
To ſpeake, to praiſe, to glorifie to ſinge,
That God, which to my ſoule doth ſuccour bringe.

SONNET. LIX.

MY ſoule, my ſoule I feele, I feele is vexed,
My mind and thoughts in vncouth ſorte diſtreſſed,
My braynes with fearefull dreames by night oppreſſed,
My hart with ſtrange diſcouragement perplexed,
My ſoles vnneathed vnto my feete annexed,
My ſpirit with faint languor ſtill diſtreſſed,
And helpe (Lord) helpe my ſoule, my ſoule addreſſed,
(By Melancholics poyſon) is connexed
In fetters ſerpentine of foule diſpaire:
Death almoſt my lifes ceaſure hath begunne,
And (after) Sathan will his bookes prepare
Blotted with vgly ſinnes, paſt number donne.
Oh my God, my deare God, helpe and aſsiſt:
Sinne, death, and hell, my ſafetie doe reſiſt.

Turne

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SONNET. LX.

TVrne not away the ſunne-ſhine of thy face
(Sweete God of comfort) from my troubled hart
Congeald with ſinne: doe not (ſweete Lord) depart
From him that penitently ſues for grace.
Whoſe ſoule through countleſſe ſinnes (my whole liues ſpace)
Benumbd, can ſcarcely feele contritions ſmart:
What Phiſicke then ſhall ſerue, what helpe of art
My dead ſoule to reuiue, and ſinne forth chaſe?
Eu'n thoſe pure Rayons of thy holy Ghoſt,
Thoſe gracious beames of thy pure holy word
Shall mollifie, giue eaſe, and comfort moſt
To my cold frozen ſoule, and helpe afford:
Leaſt with the froſt of ſinne my ſoule aſtounded,
After deaths griefe, ſhould with hels ſting bee wounded.

SONNET. LXI.

WHere is that copious furie, whilom which
My braines inkindled with an vncouth fire?
Whoſe ſacred ſpirit did of yore aſpire
Aboue the glorious Sunne with paſsions rich
Which thoughts in choyce words to the ſtarres would ſtich,
With ſacred Muſicke tempering my deſire:
Contending holily to mount vp higher
Whilſt heau'nly chaunture did my ſoule bewitch.
Oh precious Ardoure, by whoſe chearefull heate
The braine eſpeciall recreation findes,
The ſoule chiefe comfort, I thy beames intreate
Which cheere all plants, and beaſts of ſeuerall kindes
From my poore ſpirite, doe not take away
Thoſe rayes wich muſt with light my wittes aray.

SONNET. LXII.

FOr comfort (my deare God) I did attend,
And gracious eares to mee thou didſt encline:
At my petitions thou didſt not repine,
But preſent ſuccour to my ſuits didſt ſend.
Thou didſt direct my feete, which did depend
On thee my ſtedfaſt Rocke, where brightly ſhine
Thy lawes thoſe Lampes to which my thoughts incline,
Which Lord graunt that my ſoule doe not offend.
In my mouth (Lord) thou didſt put a new ſong,
A due thankeſgiuing vnto thee my God,
Which men ſhall feare to violate and wrong
Leaſt they ſhould bee corrected with thy rod.
Oh God great wonders thou for mee haſt wrought
(For thy Sonnes ſake) who my ſaluation bought.

SONNET. LXIII.

O Dreadfull horrour and tormented minde,
Foule reſtleſſe conſcience charg'd with hainous ſinnes,
Lothſom and numberleſſe (when God beginnes
His fruitfull harueſt in faire ſheafe to binde)
Hath thee for tares to quenchleſſe fire aſsign'd,
Where teares, nor hope of vaine repentance winnes
Thy ſoule from Torture: where griefe neuer linnes
More pangues (by worme of conſcience) to find.
Oh dreadfull hower, when (to thy ſoule condemn'd)
The iudge of truth and King of glorie ſaith
Headlong with Lucifer fall, who contemn'd
My lawes: fall downe thou Fiend of little faith:
And with Deuils damned thy due portion take,
Immortally to burne in fierie lake.

Then

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SONNET. LXIIII.

THen if derne Loue of thy deare louing Lord,
His gentle graces Oyle, his mercies balme,
His bounties numberleſſe, his ſpirite calme,
His loue of peace, and comfort in concord
Of the thrice ſinfull ſoule remaine abhorrde:
If to thy ſoule ſinne wounded, no ſweete Pſalme,
Nor heau'nly Harpe, nor Organe, Trump, nor Shalme
Can comfort bring with their Diuine recorde,
To make thee ioyne in praiſe of his good grace,
Or to thy ſinfull ſoule correction giue:
Yet let that quenchleſſe lake and dreadfull place,
(Where ſoules in deadly torment euer liue,
Creatour and creation which reproue)
Make thee repent for feare, if not for Loue.

SONNET. LXV.

O Mercy, mercy, which much greater is
Then heauens themſelues! Oh truth, Oh ſincere truth,
Which to the cloudes extendeth and inſueth!
Of iuſtice which doth neuer iudge amiſſe!
Oh age of ages, euermore in youth!
Oh Iudge whoſe righteous puniſhment is ruth!
Which ſinners worthleſſe doſt with bountie bliſſe?
Oh where ſhall I finde to my ſpirite voice?
Where to my voice ſufficient choyce of words?
To ſhew how much my ſpirite doth reioyce
In thoſe large bleſsings, which thy grace affords?
My ſpirite firſt will faile with feeble voice:
Oh my Lord God lende ſpirit, life and breath,
That I may praiſe thy name to conquer death.

If

SONNET. LXVI.

IF death may by thy prayſes vanquiſh't be,
Then voyce, then ſpirit, let your organes breake
And of his glory ſing, crie foorth, and ſpeake
Of him that ſuccours, helps and comforts me,
Moue toungue, ſounde voyce, and from your ſlouthfull gree
Avoyde, and in this vtteraunce be not weake:
If hell the venome of his furie wreake,
It ſhall not be of force to vanquiſh thee.
Oh laude, laudes, glory, gloryes, prayſe of prayſe,
Fame, honour, trueth, eternitye, renoume,
And iuſtice merciſull aſcribe alwayes
To thee great Keyſer of the thorny crowne:
Which coronation infamous, did gayne
That millions ſhoulde rich glorious Crownes obtayne.

SONNET. LXVII.

VVHat thing in ſpacious heauen, round earth, deepe ſeas,
Which thy praiſe worthy glorics doth not tell?
Whoſe golden Sunneſhine euer doth excell
In many millions farre aboue all theſe:
So much exceeding (that if any preaſe
To giue due praiſe) hee ſhall perceyue it well
His faculties againſt his will rebell,
And that his toungue cannot his ſpirit pleaſe.
Oh who ſhall giue due glories to his name,
That glorifies all thinges, with decent pride?
Or what is he can ſignifie the ſame,
Or in an equall ſhare his praiſe deuide
With thoſe great bounties which he hath beſtow'd,
And thoſe great mercies (on vs ſinners) ſhow'd?

That

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SONNET LXVIII.

THat bounteous largesse of sweete mercies oyle,
That peace of soule, that siluer streame of grace,
That comforte of saluation, that pallace
Of heauenly succour which death cannot spoyle,
That fortitude, whose force no force can soyle,
Of IESSES precious braunch that royall race,
Who with his glory filleth euery place,
And with sweete dewes doth cherish euery soyle:
Can with no florish of eternall phrase
Beglorifi'de, according to desart:
Who with meete colours shall his glory blaze?
Who to the world shall condigne praise impart?
What instrument, what voyce, what tongue, what spirite
Shall giue due commendations to demerite?

SONNET. LXIX.

WHo to the golden Sunnes long restlesse race,
Can limits set? what vessell can comprise
The swelling windes? what cunning can deuise
(With queint Arithmetique) in steadfast place
To number all the starres in heauens pallace?
What cunning Artist euer was so wise
Who (by the starres and planets coulde aduise
Of all aduentures the iust course and case?
Who measur'd hath the waters of the seas?
Who euer (in iust ballaunce) poys'd the ayre?
As no man euer could the least of these
Perfourme with humaine labour, strength and care:
So who shall striue in volumes to contayne
Gods prayse ineffable, contends in vayne.

SONNET. LXX.

VNto my ſpirite lend an Angels wing,
By which it might mount to that place of reſt,
Where Paradice may mee releeue oppreſt.
Lend to my tongue an Angels voice to ſing
Thy praiſe my comfort, and for euer bring,
My notes thereof from the bright Eaſt to Weſt.
Thy mercy lend vnto my ſoule diſtreſt:
Thy grace vnto my wits; then ſhall the ſling
Of righteouſneſſe, that monſter Sathan kill:
Who with diſpaire my deare ſaluation dared,
And like the Philiſtine, ſtoode breathing ſtill
Proud threats againſt my ſoule, for heauen prepared:
At length I like an Angell ſhall appeare
In ſpotleſſe white, an Angels Crowne to weare.

SONNET. LXXI.

O Glorious Crowne more precious many waies,
Then ſimple humaine Temples can deſerue,
Thrice glorious God who doth that Crowne reſerue
For men vnworthie to ſet out his praiſe.
Oh mortall Temples what Muſe can you raiſe,
Which vnhard precious ſpirits doth reſerue
His praiſe moſt meritorious to ſerue?
Admit that paſt all number were your daies,
Admit your ſpirit more then the fower windes,
Admit your learning bee (by more degrees)
Aboue the Seraphins, admit all kindes
Of Muſickes inſtruments inferiour were
(In heau'nly tunes and ſacred harmonies)
To thy ſweete voice, all cannot his praiſe beare.

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SONNET. LXXII.

THe ſunne of our ſoules light thee would I call,
But for our light thou didſt the bright Sunne make,
Nor reaſon that thy Maieſtie ſhould take
Thy chiefeſt ſubiects Epithites at all.
Our chiefe directions ſtarre celeſtiall
(But that the ſtarres for our directions ſake,
Thou fixed, and canſt at thy pleaſure ſhake)
I would thee name: The Rocke ſubſtantiall
Of our aſſurance I would tearme thy name,
But that all Rockes by thy commaund were made:
If King of Kings thy Maieſtie became,
Monarch of Monarches I thee would haue ſaide,
But thou giues kingdomes, and makes Crownes vnſtable:
By theſe I know thy name ineffable.

SONNET. LXXIII.

TRiumphant conquerour of death and hell,
Behold what legions (though in vaine) conſpire,
Thy Temple militant to ſet on fire,
And Saints which in thy ſanctuarie dwell
To burne, whilſt they againſt thy power rebell:
See how like bloudy tyrants they deſire
Ambitiouſly to riſe and mount vp higher,
Like Lucifer which to perdition fell.
Their forces are addreſt againſt thy Saints,
Breake thou their bowes, knap thou their ſpeares in ſunder:
I know their ſpirit at thy preſence faints,
Againſt their Cannon plante thy dreadfull thunder,
Thy thunderbolts againſt their bullets daſh,
And on their beauers bright let lightning flaſh.

SONNET. LXXIIII.

ARmies of Angelles, Myriades of Saintes,
Millions of Emperours, and holy Kings,
Legions of ſacred Patriarkes he brings,
Which his rebellious foes with feare attaintes.
Whoſe ſpirit at thy puiſant ſpirit faintes,
(Great Lord of Lordes) whoſe ſacred armis ſinges
Triumphant Peans, and new muſicke bringes
In glorious phraſe, which thy ſweete glorie payntes:
Whilſt vnder thy tryumphant chariot wheeles,
Rowling vpon the ſtarres, thy captiues lye
In quenchleſſe fiery lake, whoſe ſpirit feeles
An endleſſe torment in captiuitye:
When thy fowre ſweete Euangeliſtes ride bye
(Like corporalles) proclayming victorye.

SONNET. LXXV.

ELders of grace, in number ſixe times foure,
Fall downe, fall downe vpon your aged faces;
Sende from graue ceerefull voyce (throughout all places)
Such ioyfull tydinges in aboundant ſtore
Of praiſe (then ſandes of ſeas in number more)
To the great bounteous giuer of all graces.
Harmonious Kinges caſt downe your Crownes and Maces,
Sounding your cheerefull harpes his throne before:
Let Alleluiah round about reſounde,
Power, honour, glory, praiſes and renowne
Aſcribe vnto the Lorde, who doth confounde
Euen with his noſtshils, breath, and caſteth downe
His worthleſſe enemies of Magogs campe,
And (vnto duſt and aſhes) them doth ſtampe.

Barnes, B.

SONNET. LXXVI.

AS those three Kings (touch'd with a sacred zeale)
By presents rich made Royal offerture,
Our new borne Sauiours blessing to procure,
Borne in an Oxe stall for our publique weale:
When in adoring him they did reueale,
his Godhead, by those gifts they did assure.
So let faith, hope and loue make ouerture
Of new saluation (which themselues conceale
In this base mortall stable sinnes foule place)
Whereof eternall ioyes, they may present
To my saluation (borne of thy deare grace)
Such rich Propines: As from thy Gospell sent
By precious incense may my spirit bring
The tearmelesse praises of my God to sing.

SONNET. LXXVII.

PVrge thou my guiltie soule sweete gracious Lord
Defil'd and vgly made with sinfull spots:
Heale my wounds desperate whose festure rots:
My vexed members loathsome and abhorrd:
Doe not in register my sinne recorde,
My wicked practises, and vaine complots,
But lift my soule from the defiled pots;
And let thy mercy with my suite accorde.
Make thou my soule cleere like white Salmons snow,
Or like a siluer winged Doue appeare,
Where diuers glorious golden fethers show:
Conuert thy foemens forces into feare,
Like Iaben make them, and like Cyssara,
Like Seba, Zeb, Horeb and Salmana.

SONNET. LXXVIII.

RIde on in glorie on the mornings wings
(Thrice puiſant conquerour) in glorie ride:
That heauen as Horſe, courragious doth'ſt beſtride,
Who whether thou diſpoſeſt ſuccour brings.
Ride on the glorious cloudes high King of Kings:
Thy conquering ſworde guirde to thy puiſant ſide,
Bright ſoldiours muſter vp, whoſe armies guide
Raungde into Quadraines, and triumphant Rings,
That ſhameleſſe ſtrumpet of proud Babilon
(Which thine Apoſtles killes, and Prophets ſtoneth,
With Cuppe full of abhomination,
Which poyſons millions, and no man bemoneth)
With her falſe, proud and Antichriſtian route,
Suppreſſe, and put to ſlaughter rounde about.

SONNET. LXXIX.

THe tearmeleſſe date of my ſweete ſecond life,
(When this corruption mortall in ſinne bred,
Shall reſting in obliuion vaniſh dead,
Ending the period of all earthly ſtriſe)
Freſhly recals thoſe Loues, and gr..ces riſe
Which from my ſweete ſaluations conduict bled:
Theſe haue true zeale to my faithes refuge led,
So that no torture fagot, croſſe or knife
Can ſeuer mee ſcqueſtred from thy flocke,
I feare no Pagan, Schiſmaticke, nor Iewe,
No worldly menaces can teare that Rocke
Of my faithes Adamant, aſſur'd and true:
But for that truth, I thouſand deathes would dy
To liue ten thouſand liues immortally.

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SONNET. LXXX.

A Blaſt of winde, a momentarie breath,
A watrie bubble ſimbolizde with ayre,
A ſonne-blowne Roſe, but for a ſeaſon fayre,
A ghoſtly glaunce, a skeleton of death,
A morning dew perling the graſſe beneath,
Whoſe moyſture Sunnes appearance doth impaire:
A lightning glimſe: a Muſe of thought and care:
A Planets ſhot: a ſhade which followeth:
A voice which vaniſheth ſo ſoone as heard:
The thriftleſſe heire of time: a rowling waue:
A ſhew no more in action then regard:
A Maſſe of duſt: worlds momentarie ſlaue
Is man in ſtate of our olde Adam made,
Soone borne to die, ſoone flouriſhing to fade.

SONNET. LXXXI.

BEhold (by miſaduenture) how the winde
From earth blowes duſt and it in ayer ſcatter,
And if therefore the very ſmalleſt matter
Thine eye (the bodies Iewell in ſome kinde)
Doe but by chance appeach, will grieue and blind,
Vnleſſe from thence it by good meanes you ſhatter:
So that ſmooth foe who cunningly can flatter,
And as a tempeſt rageth in his kind,
Moues duſt our fleſh, from earth vprayſde to bleare
Of our redemption the much better part,
Our ſoules (with charge of ſinnes) to vexe and feare,
Blinded and grieu'd with earthly duſt and ſmart.
To thine eyes (Lord) let our eyes open bee,
And ſhut from ſinne, who ſight blinds, blind makes ſee.

After

SONNET. LXXXII.

After a coale-blacke comfortlesse foule night
(With tempests horrour and thicke showers oppress,
Disease of Pilgrims, Trauayllers vnrest)
When as the glorious Sunnes vprising right
With cheerefull beames, and vertuous motion bright
Hath from his Easterne mansion redressde,
The chearelesse Medowes, and Cornefields suppr est
With liuely meanes of animating might.
In equall semblance my poore soule enlargde
From this earthes blindnesse and blacke dangers free
With deadly sinnes sharpe tempest late surchargde
Shall (when my glorious Iudge, I comming see)
After rough stormes of sighes, and showers of teares,
Through deare contrition franchised from feares.

SONNET. LXXXIII.

That Bird imperiall which the gentile Poets worthy thought
For vertues rare preheminence to stand ascribed fit
To Iupiter, & since in chiefe whē Romanes honor'd it (sought.
As richest ensigne which could bee for their great Monarch
That puissant and imperiall beast great into Iudah brought,
Which of all other beasts beside doth as commaunder sit:
That other firme and permanent which doth so well befit
(For courage strength humility & seruice which he wrought)
The figure of that glorious, and legate most Diuine:
Together with that Angell childe chast innocent and faire
Which to the spirite of thy deare Embassadour did shine.
As Eagle first whose precious eyes more bright thē Sunbeames are,
The next as Lyon mightie made, as Bull the third more strong
And of thy deare Euangelists, the fourth as Angell yong.

The

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SONNET. LXXXIIII.

THe paradice of ioyes, true mercies ſeate
The throne of iudgement, refuge and diſtreſſe,
Sweete boſome of loue, health, and happineſſe:
The glorious Theater where Saintes repeate
The moſt prayſe worthies prayſe: where froſte nor heate
With violent aſſaylance ſoules ſuppreſſe.
The quyre of Angelles, Church of holyneſſe:
Sweete pardons place where pennaunce doth intreate:
The Pallace of eternall peace and eaſe:
The ſpacious Courte where Kinges and Angelles ſerue:
The ſcaffolde where true pompes of honour pleaſe:
The golden pathes where Pilgrimes neuer ſwerue:
The Stage of ſacred tryumphes: and that place
Where tearmeleſſe victorie giues endeleſſe grace.

SONNET. LXXXV.

COntrariwiſe, that horrible blacke pitte,
That ougly gaole of ſorrowes without ende:
That filthie ſincke to which foule ſinners tende:
That dreadfull fiery lake where furies ſitte:
That warde of madneſſe and outrageous fitte:
where hiddeous diuilles condemned ſpirits rende:
Blacke deſolations denne, where liues no frende
But tortur'd ſouls depriued of their witte:
That filthie dungeon whoſe chiefe muſicke is
The grones, outcries, ſobbes, and forlorne laments
of Parracydes, and men which liu'de amiſſe:
The bootleſſe teares of too late penitents:
That loue of haeu'n, this loathſomneſſe of hell,
The wayes of life and death directly tell.

SONNET. LXXXVI.

THat loathſome ſpirite of vayne ſtinking pride,
Which (with contempt and deteſtable ſcorne)
Begets all ſinnes to condemnation borne:
That ſelfe conſuming Enuie, that foule bride
Of filthie luſt that gulfe ſtill gaping wide
For treaſures numberleſſe: that poignant thorne
Of wraths fel paſſion, furious and forlorne:
That ſincke of gluttony: that ſlothfull guide
Which to deſtruction and all ſickeneſſe brings:
None of theſe mortall vices which abounde
In ſinfull creatures, but in ſorrowe ſtings
The troubled carkaſe with a cureleſſe wounde:
And none of theſe but doth the ſoule diſmay
With reſtleſſe guilt, and it to death betray.

SONNET. LXXXVII.

BVt that ſweete ſpirite, modeſt, meeke and milde,
Which with true zeale and ſolace doth imbrace
The loue of vertues, and eternall grace:
That charitie whoſe deedes of mercy builde
With fayths aſſiſtaunce for his ſoule deſilde
An hoſpitall of eaſe in heauens pallace:
That ſpotleſſe contenance with roſie face.
That ſober temperance which hath exilde
Deteſted ryot, and foule ſurfets vice:
That hande of bountie which ſtill giues and lendes:
That bleſſed patience ſoules caulme ſacrifice:
That honeſt labour which lifes ſtate defendes.
Through peace of conſcience and ſouls comfort theſe
Our heartes for heauen prepare and high God pleaſe.

The

1467
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SONNET. LXXXVIII.

THe worldes bright comforter (whoſe beameſome light
Poore creatures cheereth, mounting from the deepe)
His courſe doth in prefixed compaſſe keepe,
And as courageous Gyant takes delight
To runne his race, and exerciſe his might:
Till him downe galloping the mountaynes ſteepe
Cleere Heſperus ſmooth meſſenger of ſleepe
Viewes: and the ſiluer ornament of night
Foorth bringes with ſtarres paſt number in her trayne:
All which with Sunnes long borrowed ſplendour ſhine:
The Seas (with full tyde ſwelling) ebbe agayne:
All yeeres to their olde quarters newe reſigne,
The windes forſake their mountayne-chambers wilde,
And all in all thinges with Gods vertue ſilde.

SONNET. LXXXIX.

I Feele by motions in my ſinnefull breaſt,
My ſillie ſoule, through weakeneſſe is depraued,
And Sathan (fearing leaſt it ſhoulde be ſaued)
My memory doth with vile ſinnes infeſt:
And to procure my ſpirites more vnreſt,
When of my ſoule in anguiſh helpe is craued,
(where her chiefe refuge is) with horrour raued
My conſcience in deſpayre cryes out oppreſt,
O mercie, mercie, grace and ſuccour ſende
Father of mercie for thy Sonne ſwecte Ieſus,
my ſore hart and ſinwounded ſoule defende,
With thy ſweete helpe and holy Spirite eaſe vs:
Thy quickening vertue lende to my ſoule dead,
Then ſhall my foote on Sathans bellie tread.

SONNET. LXXXX.

IF that ſweet ſpirit of omnipotence
(All vertues and all comfort which contayneth:
Which in ſoules penitent and heauenly raygneth,
Whoſe gloryous power and vertues excellence
Did rayſe vp Ieſus our ſweete ſoules defence)
In vs and our refourmed hearts remayneth.
Then hee (whoſe puiſſance heuenly forceretayneth,
and Chriſt vprayſde our ſoules preheminence)
Shall our baſe mortall bodies liuely make
Through ſinne and nature corruptible firſt,
And by that holy Ghoſt which place doth take
In our reuiued ſpirites (mortall earſt)
Our ſoules and bodies both regenerate,
Chaung'de for a ioyfull and immortall ſtate.

SONNET. LXXXXI.

OH whither doth my lamentable ſoule
(Wing'd with a ſpirite of a ſighing breath)
Prepare this langued carkaſe if to death
Then farewell bondage of this priſon foule,
The ſinne of vile tranſgreſſion where I rowle
In earthly duſt and tumble-vnderneath.
I feele that ſacred freelidge followeth,
(Maugre the rage of Sathan) which doth howle,
And cries out for lawes vengeance. heare him not,
Reſpect not him (deare Lorde) but on me looke:
Looke on me (my deare Lorde) I feare him not:
My God, my louing God, turne not thy booke
Which may my conſcience with ſinnes burthen grieue,
But let thy mercies baulme my ſoule relieue.

Relieue

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SONNET. LXXXXII.

RElecue my ſoule with thy deare mercies balmes,
Monarch of precious mercie ſuccour ſend:
I will indeuour my vile ſinnes to mend
And to thee my ſoules ſacrifice in Pſalmes.
High God (whoſe holy ſpirit outrage calmes,
Calme thou my ſinfull ſpirits which intend
To thy great praiſe their faculties to lend.
On my ſoules knees I lift my ſpirits Palmes,
With humble penitence to purchaſe grace,
Theſe eyes this mortall bodies skies downe power
Teares of contrition on my bluſhing face,
Fruites of repentance flouriſh with this ſhower.
My ſoule, I feele is comforted and eas'de,
Then Lord with my poore offring bee well pleas'de.

SONNET. LXXXXIII.

WIth my poore offring bee well pleaſde ſweete Lord,
And then with ghoſtly peace and hart vpraiſed
(Thy Temple celeſtiue where thou liu'ſt praiſed
With ceaſeleſſe Canticles, and Hymnes record,
And meekenes which mine humble thoughts afforde)
I will approch: not any wiſe amazed,
To ſee thoſe ſacred miſteries rich blazed
To my ſinne blinded eyes before abhorr'de,
In thy deare preſence their due tribute paying
For their miſgouernance and riotiſe,
My ſoule afflicted with harts incenſe praying
It ſelfe deuoutly Lord doth ſacrifice
To that Lambe blemiſhleſſe, which offring made
Himſelfe for my ſinnes, and deathes forfeite paide.

SONNET. LXXXXIIII.

O What a gracious burthen huge and heauie,
What charge importable, and painefull weight
Those deadly sinnes which with our soules doe fight,
And fresh supplies of vile offences leuie?
Yeelding more puisance to their powrefull might,
In hope with shade of euerlasting night
To blind the beames some rayes of my poore soule
(Which doth a restlesse stone of labour roule)
Till thy deare gracious mercies from thy sight
Do banish them, and with the glorie bright
Of thy sweete pardon lighten them againe:
And then (albeit no volumes can containe
Thy praise and mercies) yet will I contend
From East to West their memorie to send.

SONNET. LXXXXV.

THat golden Planet, Lampe of this worlds light
Whose glorious Easterne insurrection showes
His ceaslesse course, whose tearme no creatures knowes:
That siluer Planet torch of silent night,
Which (when the Sunne reposeth her beames bright
In Westerne Seas) her Planet-darts forth throwes,
Whose influence doth strange euents compose:
That boystrous turbulence of North winds might
Which swels and ruffles in outragious sort:
Those cheerefull Southerne showers whose fruitefull dew
Brings forth all sustenance for mans comfort:
East West, North, South, (if none thy puissance knew)
Relate thy wondrous vertues, and with praise
From West to East, from North to South them raise.

Firme

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SONNET. LXXXXVI.

FIrme Rocke of during ſtone, ſure Bulwarke of defence,
Strong arme of fortitude, Shielde of protection,
Courage of puiſance, and vertues of perfection,
Eorne of ſaluation, and diuineſt eſſence.
Thou ſhalt ſuſtaine my ſpirite leaſt it backeward fall,
Thou ſhalt my ſoule relieue from Sathans fierce giuen charge,
Thou ſhalt my cauſe maintaine and combate him at large,
Thou ſhalt huige blowes of ſin, ward from my ſoule in thrall,
Thou ſhalt with ghoſtly valour my ſoules ſtrength inſpire,
Thou ſhalt annointe my head with oyle of peace and ioye,
Thou mee ſhalt purifie with pure zeales holy fire,
By theſe I ſhall my ſpirites enemie deſtroye.
By theſe I ſhall effect my ſoules chiefe happineſſe,
By theſe I ſhall my ſoule vnhalowed redreſſe.

SONNET. LXXXXVII.

MY ſoule through manifold aſſaults of ſinne
(In grieuous combate with my fleſh retain'de)
Declining faintes, vnleſſe it bee ſuſtain'de:
Then ſend thy mercies which might enter in,
To ſeuer them leaſt further broyles beginne:
And if my ſoule (with wounds affliction payn'de)
Haue penitently to thy grace complayn'de,
Let it by gracious mnee as ſome mercie winne.
Pure grace, ſweete mercie, comfortable peace
Zeale, truth, and righteouſneſſe are dearely met,
Whoſe fame from Eaſt to Weſt can neuer ceaſe,
Nor thoſe which in theſe their affiance ſet
Can euer bee (for glories want) obſcure:
But with Saluation eternizde endure.

Where

SONNET. LXXXXVIII.

WHere ſhall I vex'de my ſinfull head repoſe?
If that in errour and conceiued vice,
Which with deceiteſull Blandiſhments intice
My feeble nature mortified with ſinne.
Then hope ſhall gates of my ſaluation cloſe,
Againſt my ſoule: and my diſpaire beginne,
If that in open ſight, then open ſhame
The Scarlet of my conſcience will diſcloſe;
And ſound the ſhamefull Trumpet of my fame.
Where then ſhall I my vexed ſoule diſpoſe?
(If not in blind obſcuritie nor light)
Then there euen there impenitence with thoſe
Which weepe downe teares of comfort to delight
Their ſoule enlarged from eternall night.

SONNET. LXXXXIX.

OH whether ſhall my troubled Muſe encline?
When not the glorious Scaffolde of the skies
Nor higheſt heauens reſplendent hierarchies,
(Where heau'nly Soldiours in pure armor ſhine)
Nor ayer which thy ſweete ſpirite doth refine,
Nor earth thy precious bloud vnworthy priſe,
Nor Seas which when thou liſt ebbe and ariſe,
Nor any creature profane or Diuine,
Can blaze the flouriſh of thy tearmeleſſe praiſe:
Surreaching farre by manifold large ſpace
All Diuine fabricke of thy ſacred hands?
Euen thether ſhall my Muſe her Muſicke raiſe;
Where my ſoules euerlaſting pallace ſtands,
Sweete refuge of ſaluation, Court of grace.

Sacred

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SONNET. 100.

SAcred directour of diuine Syon
With gracious handes and mercy-mouing eyes,
With eares attentiue) take my ſacrifice:
Beholde my teares, heare my playntes which crie on,
Lighten my penſiue ſoule which woulde flye on
To thy ſweete mercies ſeate, heauens Paradiſe:
Thy pure Dooues white Winges (that my ſoule may riſe,
And mount from this baſe earth) deare Lorde tye on:
So ſhall my Spirite flye from ſtarre to ſtarre:
And in conſent of muſickes ſweete reporte
Beare thy rich Glories forth from farre to farre,
When Cherubines with Seraphines reſorte,
And Angelles with Archangelles ſtill to ſing
The glorious wonders of their heauenly King.

FINIS.

HYMNE TO THE GLORIOVS HONOVR OF THE most blessed and indiuisible Trinitie.

SACRED deere Father of all thinges created,
(Whose ioyfull throane of endlesse triumph stands
In glorious heauen: whose name earth (animated)
Proclaymeth through the compasse of all landes)
I lift these humble handes,
Vpheau'de with courage of a zealous harte,
Confirm'de with fortitude of constant fayth,
Assur'd in grace of some sweete mercies parte:
Which Treasures my deare hope in high heauen layth,
Which comforte my soule hath.
And thou deare onely Sonne of God alone,
Thou precious Immolacion of mankinde,
Who sits on right hande of thy Fathers throne,
Who fearefull Sathan did in fetters binde,
Whome death alone did finde,
To be the peereleſſe Champion of his foyle,
Thou that redeemed'st from infernall payne
Our great graundfathers and our selues assoyle
Of our foule sinnes; nor humbled didst disdayne
For mankinde to be slayne:
And lastly thou sweete comfortable Spirite
Of meekenesse, holinesse and spotlesse loue,
By whose deare incense, not our vayne demerite,
We purchase heritage in heauen aboue:

Thou

1467

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HYMNE.

Thou that (in fourme of *Doue*)
Thy ſanctified Apoſtles didſt ſalute:
Spirite of trueth which doth our comforte bring,
Without whoſe heauenly motions men are mute,
By whoſe power in the Virgines wombe did ſpring
Our comforter and King:
And thou deare ſacred Father of like power,
With thy moſt deare Sonne ſacrifice for ſi nne,
And thou ſweete holy Ghoſt who didſt downe ſhower
Clouen tongues of fire true glorie for to winne:
All which three powers cloaſe in
One ſacred and indiuiſible God.
Vouchſafe oh you perpetuall higheſt powers,
Of equall vertues, yet in number odde,
Theſe ſimple fruites of my repentaunt howers,
And (with your graces ſhowers)
The temper of my feeble wittes renewe,
To proſper, cheriſh'd with celeſtiall dewe.

A Table to find out any Sonnet herein *Alphabetically.*

A

ARise thou mightie God. Son. 35.
Armies of Angels Son. 74
As those three Kings. Son. 76.
A Blast of winde. Son. 80.
After a coale-blacke. Son. 82.

B

BLessed Creatour. Son. 5.
Bountifull Lord Christ. Son. 12.
Behold deare Father. Son. 34.
Breake thou the Iawes. Son. 51.
Behold by misaduenture. Son. 81.
But that sweete. Son. 87.

C

COmfort thy selfe. Son. 58.
Contrariwise that. Son. 85.

D

DEare comforter. Son. 4.
Deare Dauids Sonne. Son. 13.
Did'st thou redeeme. Son. 53.

E

ELders of grace. Son. 75.

F

FOuntaine of life. Son. 22.
Father of pietie. Son. 23.
Fortresse of hope Son. 28.
Full of celestiall. Son. 52.
From depth of fearefull. Son. 55.
For comfort my deare. Son. 62.
Firme Rocke. Son. 96.

G

GReat God of Abraham. Son. 20.
Glorious Iehouah. Son. 25.
Great God of larges. Son. 26.
Gracious Diuine. Son. 38.

H

HEauenly Messias. Son. 10.
High priest of Sion Son. 18.
High King of Kings. Son. 27.
High mightie God. Son. 30.

I

INuironed with dangers. Son. 39.
I feele my soule Son. 49.
I would not die. Son. 50.
If death may. Son. 66.
I feele by motions. Son. 89.
If that sweete spirit. Son. 90.

L

LIon of Iudah. Son. 8.
Louely Samaritane. Son. 19.
Lord with thy light. Son. 36

M

MErcifull Iesus. Son. 11.
Milde King of Salem. Son. 17.
My daies be few. Son. 40
My soule my soule. Son. 59.
My soule through. Son. 97

N

NO more leude laies. Son. 1.

O

OGracious shepheard. Son. 9.
O benigne Father, Son. 14
O glorious Patrone. Son. 31.

O my

Barnes, B.

A Table.

O my deare God. Son.37.
O you light Poets. Son.42.
O Lord increaſe. Son,44.
O what great comfort. Son.45.
O Sunne and Moone. Son.46.
O what celeſtiall. Son.47.
O glorious conqueſt. Son.48.
O that *I* might. Son.56.
O dreadfull horrour Son.63.
O mercy mercy. Son.65.
O glorious Crowne. Son.71.
Oh whether doth. Son.91.
Oh what a grieuous. Son 94.
Oh whether ſhall Son.99.

P

PVre ſacrifice. Son.6.
Pittifull Lord. Son.15.
Pure ſpotleſſe. Son,24.
Purge thou my guiltie. Son.77.

R

RAyons of glorie. Son.29.
Ride on in glorie Son.78.
Relieue my ſoule. Son,92.

S

SWeete Sauiour Son.2.
Sacred Redeemer: Son.3.
Sure corner ſtone. Son,16.
Sole hope and bleſsing. Son.31.
Sathan abroad. Son.43.
Sacred director. Son.100.

T

THe well of life. Son.32.
*T*hrice puiſant generall. Son.33.
Tempted in forren nation. Son.41.
Then awfull ſting. Son.54.
Through Sathans mallice Son.56.
Then it derne Loue. Son.64.
Turne not away. Son,60.
That bounteous largeſſe: Son.68.
The Sun of our ſoules light. Son.72.
Triumphant conquerour. Son,73.
The tearmeleſſe date. Son.79.
That Bird imperiall Son.83.
The Paradice of ioyes. Son 82.
That loathſome Son.86.
The worlds bright. Son.88,
That golden Planet. Son.95.

V

VNto my ſpirite Son.70.

W

VVHilſt ſpotleſſe. Son.7,
Where is that copious. So.6
What thing in ſpacious. Son.67.
Who to the golden ſunnes. Son.79.
With my poore offering. Son,93.
Where ſhall *I* vexe. Son.98.

FINIS.

Errata

Sonnet 59. for Vnneathed read Vnneathes. Sonnet 74. for bye read by. Sonnet. 83 for is Lyon. reade as Lyon.

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